

## Saint Etienne

# "Last Orders For Gary Stead"

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Tempers fraying in the Hat and Fan  
Gets so hot in there even in November  
Heated words from slicked back hair  
It's too small a world for some people to share

Now Gary stares at an empty chair  
Told her "Five or ten"  
And he'd join her out there  
Not again, she's not going in, she just sighs

It's only half nine, there's time  
Time for drinking  
And still more time  
Till he gets to thinking of her

She's in two minds  
Maybe she'll board up her door  
He's into pints  
And that's how it goes

It's guaranteed he's a funny man  
You can bet your life that he'll bring the house down  
Always plays such a winning hand  
He just cools it down, they should Knight him for it

But outside, his former wife starts a solo drive  
She's so tired of waiting  
When he crawls in  
Will she give him a surprise?

It's only half nine, there's time  
Time for drinking  
And still more time  
Till he gets to thinking of her

She's in two minds  
Maybe she'll board up her door  
He's into pints  
And that's how it goes

